

A long habit of not thinking a thing WRONG gives it a superficial appearance of being RIGHT.  
—Thomas Paine

# THE BARDIAN

A Journal of Individual Expression

No 7, New Series

BARD COLLEGE, ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Monday, December 4, 1944

A CHALLENGE:  
... a silence profound as that of the tombs, nay of death itself, betokened the highest triumph the artist is destined to know upon this earth.  
—Thomas Wolfe

## Letter For Freedom

*(Taro Kawa is a Japanese-American graduate of Bard. Formerly living on the West Coast, he is now in Chicago, and has sent us the following letter which we think extremely interesting and of great import to all Bard students.—Ed.)*

Dear Dr. Gray:

Recently, a book by Carey McWilliams has come off the press, entitled, **Prejudice: Japanese-Americans, Symbol of Racial Intolerance**. This academic study of the so-called "Japanese Question" has received very favorable reviews in . . . the *Chicago Sun* and *New York Times*. I think it would make a worthy addition to any library. So it would please me very much if you were to place this book on the shelves of the Hoffman Memorial Library at Bard . . .

This new book seems to substantiate my firm contention that the discrimination directed against Japanese immigrants and American citizens of Japanese descent by West Coast politicians, purely on the basis of race and color, has in great measure motivated the rise of militarism in Japan. The Japanese militarists have insistently claimed that this war is a war between races, the colored against the white. American soldiers on every front are out to prove that this war is not such a war, but that this world holocaust is a clash of ideologies.

While here at home, I have heard of ugly stories and of the very things against which American boys are giving their lives. The West Coast racists are on the loose again, and interestingly, race hatred seems to pop out into the political scene every election year. Various organizations on the Pacific slope are more concerned about alienating the rights of American citizens of Japanese ancestry than about the immediate and vital task of winning the war.

It is a shame that politicians in these democratic United States employ the same tactics Hitler used to gain power. It is a shame that responsible American leaders go around fanning flames of race hatred. And above all, it is a shame that American people, some American people, fall for this kind of campaign oratory. It almost makes one lose faith in Democracy.

But I am still a young whipper-snapper who entertains more dreams of tomorrow than regrets of yesterday. I have not lost faith in Democracy, despite the fact that I was forcibly evacuated from my home and business in Los Angeles to spend eleven dreary months behind barbed-wire fences. No, I look ahead to see a true Democracy, a United States where **freedom means to respect the freedom of others** and not **freedom to do as one damn please**, as practiced by Hiram Johnson, Governor Earl Warren, Fred Howser, and other California racists. For a true democracy must cast aside racial and religious prejudices and accept as its guiding principle the spirit of brotherhood and equal rights which prevails so beautifully at Bard College and at hundreds of other colleges and universities throughout America.

I hope that every Bard student will read **Prejudice** and help the Nisei regain his lost civil rights. For what can happen to one minority group can just as easily happen to another, until **Democracy** becomes merely a meaningless word and ceases to be a shining principle.

Most sincerely,  
**TARO KAWA**

Tuesday evening, Mr. Toru Matsumoto, of the Committee on Resettlement of Japanese-Americans, will address the Bard community on "Japanese Relocation as a Post-War Problem." With Taro Kawa's letter as an introduction to this important question, it is hoped that many students will be present.

## Politics: Ideal and Ideology

EDGAR GABALDON

When fascism is finally defeated throughout the World, I hope that large numbers of students will break away from their traditional ignorance of politics. It will be gradually understood that the brown plague of the storm troopers gained power because the average citizen was not interested in politics. The fascist organizations, no doubt, destroyed the political activities of liberals and leftists, making the best of the general indifference toward the outcome of those struggles.

The student of post-war, who today reviews the last decades, will not be duped by political neutrality. The most cruel of wars should be enough to teach him the lesson of political irresponsibility. And what a tremendous lesson! And how convincing of the fact that mere professional training does not bring about the long sought for personal security! Politics is that instrument which might have saved our youths from the war. But the common man was not interested. It was the politician who knew it all, and to what aims! Now if the student of today means to profit by his experience to keep the democratic way of life, nothing, absolutely nothing, will be safer for him than reclaiming the control of his political life. He shall, therefore, regain privileges he did not use before, like that fundamental one of knowing who is the best citizen to be ruler of the country, and who are the fittest leaders so that his everyday political and social problems will be duly taken care of. In other words, he will say: enough of being the dupe of clever demagogues; let us be more enlightened about matters politically so that we can not be made the stronghold of such reactionary forces as that of fascism.

Post war nations, therefore, if they are to succeed in erasing fascism from the earth, will have to encourage their youths (their students, of course) toward political action and thought. Politics would in that case be known as an ideal and an ideology.

Far from attempting a scholarly definition, I just want to draw the relationship existing between one's philosophy of life, and one's concept of politics. The first should give perspective to our general behaviour, since it organizes our principles as applied to all aspects of the human existence. But politics means our social behaviour. It refers to our peculiar condition of beings who need a certain amount of discipline that their common life does not become a disaster. Scientifically, there is no such thing as the individual in politics. The individual is a convenient abstraction, which we might name for greater precision, the citizen, the member of the community. Politics, thus viewed, is the perspective of our social behaviour.

What is then the place of these words, ideal and ideology? An ideal is a group of high principles to guide our social behaviour, whereas ideology deals with facts. We struggle for the realization of our principles; in carrying on a struggle of political nature we use the data furnished by the ideology (which others name science). The ideal sets the pace. The ideology provides the ways and means to reach final aims via the particular paces established by the ideal.

Let us recognize, therefore, that our lives have been incomplete so far as we could not link our general and economic behaviour with our political activities. We have been mutilated individuals, puppets of unknown forces, slaves to the selfishness of the few who held the reins of power. Our freedom, so vaunted, has been mostly negative: freedom to ignore how and why we are ruled one way or the other. If the student of today makes up his mind to be a more complete man, as Walt Whitman dreamed, to be the "full-grown man or woman," to come out of "the grand experiment of development," then fascism will be definitely erased, and humanity, in time will come nearer to "the fruition of democracy."

## The Blue Light

By JEANNE ROSENBERG

The cool blue light reflected on the shiny bottles above the bar, and little beams struck the chromium fixtures around the shelves. The plain white highball glasses turned an eerie blue; the stems of the champagne glasses glittered wickedly.

Larry toyed with the maraschino cherry at the bottom of his glass; his long slender fingers twirled it by the stem and with a sigh he put it to his mouth.

"Mike, let's have another please," he said to the stoutish bartender. Mike silently poured vermouth. The ice clinked loudly in the empty bar as he shook the cocktail mixer with expert hands. The blue light danced on the shaker and threw back sharp jewels of color.

"Feelin' blue, Mister Woods?" he asked sympathetically, sliding the slender glass filled with golden liquor across the counter.

"Yes. . . damn blue," Larry answered, lighting a cigarette and drawing strength from a deep inhaled puff. Mike leaned his elbows on the spotless bar.

"Women again, huh?" he asked knowingly. "One in particular," replied Larry, twisting his mouth. "Toby Farrar. . . she eloped with a pilot last night." Mike shook his head.

"Never trust 'em," he counseled. "Don't wanna talk, huh?"

"Doesn't make any difference now," Larry said.

"She was sure a looker. . . I'm sorry, Mister Woods," he sighed again. "I remember when you come in with her the first time. . . you cert'ny handled her like a French doll," he reflected.

"Mmm, I remember that night. . . last February. . . cold as hell." Larry tamped the cigarette in a crystal ash tray. "You made the damndest tasting drink that night, Mike. I don't see how you did it," he said, smiling slightly.

"With a snazzy blond like that, he wants a good drink," Mike joked, relieved that Larry could smile. "One look at her and I forgot what made a rum coke, honest," he assured him. The red and white striped door suddenly swung open and a tall sailor came in with a girl. The cold January air blew in with them. Mike moved to the other end of the bar. The sailor and the girl came over slowly. He helped her off with her coat and settled himself on a high bar-stool. She glanced briefly at Larry at the other end of the small bar and turned back to smile at the boy beside her.

"Two rye and ginger ales, please," the sailor ordered. Larry watched them idly, turning the glass around and around. She was not too tall and she was slender. The blue light caught in the glint of her dark shiny hair and made it even darker. Two gardenias, dewy and fresh, were pinned to the black coat around her shoulders. The red of her dress made her skin creamier and her eyes sparkled as she talked to the sailor. Larry lit another cigarette and sipped his drink.

"I've never been here before, Tom," she spoke softly but her voice carried through the small room. "What's the name again?"

(Continued on page 3, column 1)

## A Bard Work Program

By KATHRYN CARLISLE

A community-wide work program for Bard is often a topic of conversation and thought among students who are familiar with the general aspects of such a plan, either through reading or hearing of other progressive schools which have work programs or through actual experience. Many see the work program as a means of helping us to capture what is variously called community responsibility, group feeling, or school spirit by equalizing the work now done by some students and by giving the community a common objective to work on outside of the classroom.

There would, of course, be many practical difficulties in instituting a work program at Bard, for the adoption of this plan usually means that the student pays as much as he can for tuition, room and board and that the work to be done is then divided equally among the community members.

The question often posed at this basic step is: is it right for those who pay the full fee to have to work as much as those who pay less? The answer is another question: is it right for those who cannot pay the full fee to have less time to study than those who can because of an accident of birth? The difference in time involved is often from twenty to twenty-five hours a week, which is no small figure considering that forty hours a week is the normal time spent on studies.

The counter proposal to the system we now have, which is that the students who are paid for their work send their checks right back to the office to count on their tuition, is that the money which goes out for wages would simply stay where it is and the work these students do now would be divided among all community members.

There is also the aspect of being able to economize in the school budget, which might lead to lowered tuition, or perhaps to the convocation's being able to allot the money saved for something it desires.

Nothing is saved by a work program in the work already done by the students, such as switch-board, library, and waiting on tables, for, as has been pointed out, the pay for these jobs simply goes out of the office and comes back in the next day. Any saving would come from the community's taking over work done by non-community members.

The amount of time to be spent by each individual on a work program could be easily determined by adding the work hours per week of the students to the work hours per week of any other college employees whose work the community decides to take over, and dividing this sum by the number of community members.

The problem of organization would be next. This would entail finding out what there is to be done over a given period of time, say a week, estimating how long it would take, and accordingly apportioning the work among the community members, taking into consideration those jobs which it would be advisable to have done by a limited number of people. Such coordination of work and distribution could be undertaken by a few of our many students who have had work program experience, and would be considered as part or all of community work.

It is very likely that we would discover that some jobs now done by students, such as waiting on tables, are unnecessary, and by eliminating them, economize on community time. Also, some students may develop useful skills.

It seems to many of us that the suggestion of having a work program at Bard is worth considering seriously, both from the point of view of education in community living and of economy.



## The Bardian

Published every month by the students of Bard College, at Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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5c per copy ..... \$2.00 per year

Vol. 1, New Series, No. 7 Monday, December 4, 1944

## We Must Go Further

The following editorial was written before President Gray's speech at the Convocation meeting of November 28. Dr. Gray has answered us, but we still hope that someday BARD will find confidence enough to go further. — The Editors.

WE HAVE all accepted the idea of Bard being progressive. Now, the question is: How far can it go in this vein? We believe that in the light of Bard's present progressive generalities as to policy and procedure we can not go too far.

Our limitation is found in the very dilemma of training youth to adapt itself to a society that is not progressive and is slow to change; and thereby committing ourselves to influencing the student to make himself more responsible to a philosophy his very training here at Bard should make him rebel against.

The Bard system can go on forever teaching us to express ourselves and be responsible to a community, but so long as it remains in the dilemma of being consciously hostile to an outside group the school will never be able to use the word progressive in its truer sense.

For to be progressive means to change, gradually or otherwise. And in our case change is based on experiments. The success of these experiments usually rests with the majority. Therefore this majority—in fact, all of us—cannot afford to think in the same prejudiced and biased manner as does any society lived in prior to our coming to Bard.

The student body must objectively disconnect itself from society and face the present with the open-mindedness necessary for any experiment to be projected within a school that is seeking new and better ways of training youth.

Yet this attitude can never be expected of any student unless the school's progressive policy is definitely set down as completely supporting any experiments, and as being willing to shun the reproff of outsiders. Never can the student body act with a clear conscience if it has to continually reflect on what the policy within the school is and what the outside world wants.

But before any policy can ever work, students coming here must be impressed with the idea that they are more than entering something novel and educationally different in certain respects. They must be told that they are coming here to help support a cause that must be proven successful; and that they should be here with every desire to do so, and more than ready to open-mindedly be confronted by many problems, new ideas, and changes.

If the policy of the school can be laid upon this foundation, then the truer progressivism that we imply could be clearly expressed and defined as hostile to many reactionary principles of society and education. If not, we will continue to be in a confused hub-bub of arguments and disagreements because of not knowing how far we can go in any experiment. This is a harmful condition and may in the end cause disgust with our movement and breed irresponsible actions by those who may have decided for themselves to answer the dilemma.

If the college's policy were outright, firm, and clearly defined, the student body would feel the complete weight of responsibility as it entered every phase of academic and community life. The students would be able to say definitely: "This is what we are educating for." And in attempting to prove themselves successful, unity and spirit would be founded. . . . For what others believe cannot be done may be the great incentive that will pull Bard ahead in its efforts to make a theory work.

We therefore ask that the medium approach to progressive education be cast off, and that the future find Bard decidedly out on the limb as wanting and willing to be different for the sake of find-

## Live Alone And Like It?

THERE has been a great deal of talk lately about the "fraternity problem" at Bard. There are those who feel that fraternities can add something to college life which the college itself does not provide. And there are others who, with most of us, feel that there is absolutely no place for a fraternity, or for that matter a sorority, either, at Bard.

Let us look carefully at both sides of this question. In other, larger colleges it is impossible for everybody to know everybody else and thus to develop a real community spirit. Therefore, small groups in the form of fraternities spring up. Members live in the frat house, get better food there, and go exclusively with other members of the fraternity. There exists, in such cases, a certain type of spirit necessary among small groups at a large college.

However, the situation at Bard is different. Today there is but one fraternity to take as an example. In past years there were more, but, with this exception, they all felt their existence to be needless, perhaps even senseless, and voluntarily closed.

At Bard, fraternity members neither sleep nor eat at the house. Fraternity teams have long disappeared. When larger fraternities existed, few men even roomed with their "brothers," and everyone generally hung around with the people he liked anyway. There was no apparent need for fraternities.

But there is a bigger problem, not quite so obvious, in this general question of fraternities and sororities. Bard is a small community of less than a hundred fifty students. In a community of this size it is important to develop a harmony of living together, not to divide the college into a jumble of useless cliques and parties. We must all realize that to make for a successful college we must lend ourselves to each other. To draw back into closed groups is to defeat the purpose of our community way of life.

The importance of living together, rather than apart in our separate little nooks, cannot be over-emphasized.

It has been pointed out that the fraternity has its use as a club house, in that it "gives a place to go." Yet that seems to be its only advantage. To secure "a place to go" must we submit to the bogey of secret societies, closed groups formed on the basis of social, not intellectual or athletic, standings?

Obviously there is no need to endanger the community life of the college merely because fraternity houses are a "nice place to go." I have before me an article appearing in the October 8, 1942 issue of THE BARDIAN. This was at a time when two of the three fraternities at Bard had just closed. The article was written by an ex-fraternity member who realized the importance of the whole problem. He has, I think, provided an excellent answer to the question of "a place to go."

"What," he suggests, "if the college could provide a clubhouse? . . . There is a need for a clubhouse at Bard, and there has always been a demand for some place where all students could go. One room in some building is not enough, for it should be an entire house off campus. . . . The Community Council could exercise what little control might be necessary. The entire student body would belong automatically and there would be no dues."

This would appear to be the answer. Dances, club meetings, and parties could all be held there. It would do away with any weak need for fraternities, take the strain, and probably most of the noise, from the social rooms, and provide "a place to go."

As I said, this plan was advanced some two years ago. The college has probably been too busy since then to do too much for its furtherance. Yet today I feel the urgent need that it be followed out, so that the ever-important community spirit of Bard will not be drowned in a flood of selfish and petty groups, cliques, and, yes, fraternities.

—STANLEY L. FALK

ing a better means of education and a better individual socially as well as academically.

Standing in the midst of confusion and bickering will not prove Bard's principles. Now is the time to strike out and ask help of those who are willing to put themselves out for an educational theory that if practised will be a new hope for the future.

—RALPH A. BALDA

## Looking At Books

By ADDISON BRAY

A CENTURY OF HERO VITALISM by ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY, 1944, \$3.50, 300 pages (illustrated and indexed).

Here is a book that is a fascinating adventure into the social morals of today. In it Mr. Bentley digs into the lives and thoughts of some of the most vitally critical artist-philosophers (philosopher-artists if you prefer) that have been in the spearhead of European thought during the last hundred years. The men are: Thomas Carlyle, Friedrich Nietzsche, Richard Wagner, Bernard Shaw, Oswald Spengler, Stefan George, and D. H. Lawrence. All of them have been termed major contributors to the advance thought that resulted in Nazi Germany. In Mr. Bentley's analysis they are not utterly anti-democratic "Proto-Nazis," but striving for a better type of man and in opposition to the levelling attitude of extreme democracy, they were the beginnings of a synthesis that must be a new and eager democracy. He calls them Heroic Vitalists.

In great part Mr. Bentley presents the Vitalists biographically. With Carlyle and Nietzsche we have autopsies which are rich and incisive. For the others the reader is given shorter presentations, in each case a series of essential cross-cuts that are related to the important general concepts of Heroic Vitalism as derived from the basic studies of Carlyle and Nietzsche.

Some reviewers to date have accused the author of having himself an attitude that is anti-democratic. Maliciously he is supposed to advocate an aristocracy of intellectuals to act as a superior guiding force within democracy. To some of these reviewers the most anti-democratic crime a person can commit is to strive alone, as an individual, for something better. To frankly admit cultivation of a quality of creative thought that is of greater depth than the norm is

snobbish conceit. Such an attitude, it appears, is too aggressive and has no place in democracy!

It is quite true that society is an organic whole, and so must be reformed as a whole. But how is reform carried on? It is the development of new ideas. Whether these new ideas are derived from material reality or are completely new thoughts is trying to over-simplify. They are a synthesis, an interaction and intergrowth.

Though the Heroic Vitalists were in revolt against the new democracy of mediocrity, they disliked equally the old aristocracy of stupidity. The French Revolution had ushered in democracy, and it came as an exaggeration, raw and unrefined. The Heroic Vitalists were all creative artists and thinkers who were stranded by the disappearance of aristocracy. As individuals who thought ahead of their time they strove for a new attitude—to fuse the individuality and perfection in aristocracy with the energy, freedom, and movement in democracy. Because they were outstanding men, like all the great artists of the last century, they thought ahead of the average society and so were frustrated in their desires. One would think the time were nearly past when men would yet attempt to make of every active thinker either an absolute aristocrat or a rabid democrat.

The author has offered an extremely exciting prospectus to democracy. His Vitalism is the call to forge an attitude that will make democracy efficient and efficiency democratic. If efficiency and democracy can be synthesized by an America that is more alive with a healthy give-and-take consciousness, then efficiency and the desire for perfection will neither do away with humanity, nor will human toleration swamp the desire to think about and work for better things.

## In Tune

By RICHARD GAYNOR

On Monday evening, November 6th, the Music Department presented the first concert of the 1944-45 season. The large audience heard a well-balanced program of classical and modern works for violin and piano performed by members of the Bard music faculty.

The opening composition on the program was the *Thirty-Two Variations in C Minor* by Ludwig von Beethoven. This work was written during the winter 1806-07 and published in 1807. In his book, *The Life and Works of Beethoven* (Random House, 1943), John Burk, program annotator for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, says that Beethoven despised these variations. He explains this by the fact that during the same winter, Beethoven was engaged in the composition of the *Violin Concerto*, *Fourth Concerto* for piano, and the incidental music to Goethe's drama *Coriolanus*. Perhaps he did despise these variations but nevertheless that still does not alter the fact that in them we find all of the attributes that are present in his greatest works. Kate Wolff's vivid interpretation was more than equal to the music.

Guido Brand, violinist, accompanied by Paul Schwartz, performed as the second work on the program, the *Sonata in B-Flat Major (K 387)* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Mozart was one of those very few composers who wrote great quantities of music whose high standard of quality is still a source of amazement. Of the six hundred twenty-six works listed in the Kochel catalog, thirty-seven of these were violin sonatas. The first sonata was written by Mozart at the ripe old age of eight. This was his sixth work.

The Sonata played was in three movements. The first of these was fast (allegro). It was interesting to note the contrasts between violin and piano that Mozart uses to achieve the desired effect. The second movement, an andantino, gave Mr. Brand a fine showcase for his rich tone. The third movement was a brilliant rondo. Mr. Brand's performance throughout was admirable. He played the music with

expression and understanding.

The program continued as Mrs. Wolff played three works by Frederick Chopin; the *Ballad in F Major (Op. 38)*, the *Waltz in C-Sharp Minor (Op. 64, No. 2)*, and the *Etude in A Minor (Op. 25, No. 11)*. The works chosen by Mrs. Wolff were representative of the Polish master at his best. Of the three, the *Ballad* was the most interesting. It was longer than the other two and in its length, Chopin found time to express himself more fully. Mrs. Wolff's interpretation seemed to be more on the heavy, rather than poetic, side.

Following a brief intermission, we heard, what was to me, the most interesting work on the entire program, Paul Schwartz's *Chamber Concerto for Two Pianos (1944)*. This work received its first public hearing at a Bard concert on May 21st. At both performances, Kate Wolff and the composer were the performers. On November 12, it received its first New York performance by the Forum Group of the International Society for Contemporary Music, at the City Center of Music and Drama.

The work itself is rich in coloring and shading. At times it seems hard for the listener to realize that the composer is using only two pianos as a means of expression when in reality the overall effect achieved is one of orchestral proportions. The work is relatively short, but, within its comparatively small limits, the composer has written a work which to my way of thinking is the best among his compositions I have heard to date. The technical skill and musical co-ordination in the performance was equalled by Kate Wolff and the composer. Their interpretation was crisp and direct.

The program was concluded with Mr. Brand's playing three transcriptions for violin and piano of short works by Manuel de Falla. They were *Jota*, *Pantomime*, and *Dance Espagnol*. These short compositions were given a dazzling performance by Mr. Brand and Dr. Schwartz. As an encore Mr. Brand chose the *Waltz in A Major (Op. 39, No. 15)* by Brahms-Hochstein.



## The Blue Light

(Continued from page 1,

"The Red Pony," Tom answered, munching a pretzel from the full dish beside him. Larry envied their familiarity, their apparent happiness—wondered how long they had known each other—whether they were in love—watched the boy whisper something to her and saw her smile deepen and the dimples break—he watched her hands rest in quietly on the counter. Toby's hands were never quiet, he reflected. She talked with her hands . . . they were white and long and the blue veins made them look frail and feeble, but God! they were strong. She had often managed the big horse Larry owned better than many men could. The blue light above the bar sparkled on the girl's hand and she noticed it and held her hand out before her.

"It's a lovely ring, dear," she said. Tom grinned happily. As Larry looked at the small diamond on her left hand, he thought of the five-carat ring he had planned to give Toby—that order had to be cancelled, he reminded himself bitterly. Damn the air force; they wouldn't take me so my girl marries a flier. He signalled to Mike for another drink.

The door flew open and three fresh-looking college girls came in, laughing at some joke—three shiny-faced lieutenants followed. They were all very gay and they breezed over to the bar and jostled each other for stools. One of the girls sat on the stool next to Larry. Surveying him with a friendly all-observant glance, she noticed the smart polo coat, the well-cut shoes, the expensive watch low on his wrist, and then she turned to the young lieutenant on her right.

"I thought I'd die, Jeff, when that chorus girl slipped. Aren't I cruel though?" she said clearly, arching her head. The lieutenant chuckled.

"Cruel to me you mean, Pris. . . what'll you have?" he asked. The laughter of the four other young people broke in a rising bubble. Larry watched the sailor and his girl. They were in a world of their own at the other end of the bar, completely ignorant of the six who had come in. The young crowd of people were talking noisily, joking and teasing and the girls giggled at the appropriate time; one lieutenant started to chug-a-lug and the girls squealed in anticipation, knowing that this would hasten that get-high feeling.

"Let's get drunk!" proposed the girl next to Larry. The others agreed—they started games to increase their number of drinks. Larry waited to see who would be first down and he and Mike exchanged amused looks. Larry remembered weekends when he had come down to the city from college. . . ten years ago. People were the same all over. . . he had always started the chug-a-lug games. . . one of the girls in his crowd would always suggest that the party get drunk. No one ever did when they deliberately tried, he mused. The girl next to him was looking around the bar and she turned to Larry again. He returned her frank stare.

Her hair was ash-blond, darker than Toby's, he thought; her eyes in the soft bar-light were deep blue but then the blue light reflected in them and they turned lighter, almost steely. Toby's eyes were violet, her lashes dark and brush-like. The girl's black dress was close-fitting. . . emphasized her small waist and flat hips. He gazed at the low neck of the dress and, embarrassed, she turned her back. Larry grinned, on the wrong side of his mouth. A picture of Toby flashed before his eyes—she wore a flame-red chiffon gown, cut to there! her hands moving expressively as she sang her song in the famous honeyed tempting voice.

Again the red and white door opened—this time only a soldier came in. He was a corporal, medium height, dark and suave looking. He walked over to Larry's left, leaned on the bar and ordered a double whisky. Mike was busy, joking with the young people and he gave the corporal his drink and went back to the others. Larry looked appraisingly at the soldier. He had leaned against the bar and now he turned to watch the other occupants of the room, flicking merely a glance at Larry. He seemed sure of himself but he

seemed, too, to be looking for someone.

"Got a match?" he asked Larry, turning around to face him again. Larry snapped his little silver lighter, the inscription and Toby's name turned up. The corporal looked at him with more interest. "That's a good lighter," he admired.

"Mmm." Larry mmmmed, not wanting to talk. The corporal took a drink.

"What a dead night this is," he said, "I suppose it's too damn cold for people to go out." Larry nodded disinterestedly. He hated bar-room conversations with strangers. The door opened and a woman came in, rosy cheeked from the intense winter air.

"Well. . ." murmured the soldier. Larry looked at her. She was dressed rather expensively and she wore her smart fur coat carelessly. Stopping for a moment, she looked up and down the bar, shrugged and stood by the soldier. Larry watched her; she took off her coat and threw it across her shoulders. As she moved the large emerald on her right hand glinted in the blue light; her gray wool dress looked custom-made. Larry noted and her alligator accessories were fine and rich-looking.

"Martini," she said to Mike. He chose a glass from the shelf, and, catching Larry's eye, he winked.

The soldier lit another cigarette and offered one to the woman. Smiling, she shook her head. The blue light blazed in her hair, turning its deep redness to purple. She was made-up carefully and Larry guessed that she was only about thirty. The charm of her smile turned her for one dizzy moment to a younger person, made her almost like Toby. Larry saw again the sparkling smile, the hellion glint in Toby's eyes; he shook his head, suddenly frightened.

*They were standing close on the sand, Toby's gold hair blew in the salty air. Echoing in his ears her intense seductive voice sang softly. It seemed that the staring moon lit up the ocean . . . his arm tightened around her . . .*

"Another drink, Mister Woods?" Mike broke the spell. Larry nodded, weak with remembering. He heard the corporal and the woman talking low—the man's voice a quiet drone, hers lifting and falling. The six happy people to his right still filled the air with their voices—now they were singing college songs. Absorbed in each other the sailor and his girl still ignored the now-crowded bar-room. Suddenly the girl to Larry's right hummed a melody. . . "I'll Walk Alone."

The floor started rushing up. . . Larry threw down some bills on the counter, muttered a good night to Mike and walked outside quickly.

The cold air cleared his head. . . it blew his top-coat open and he buttoned it, drew on his soft, gray suede gloves. Starting for the taxi on the corner he changed his mind and walked the other way.

Madison Avenue loomed shadowy and empty. . . the fashionable dress shops were dark. . . in the clear winter air the traffic lights turned green and red like lights at a fair. Across the street a man walked,

(Continued on Page 6, Column 1)

## Nisheasun

By CAROLINE ANDREWS

It was a black passage, stretching back under the eaves. Dave had found it while exploring a nook of the attic. The narrow corridor ran off into nothingness, and we would never have dared travel its dark fearful length if Dave had not crawled through first and announced from the far end that all was well, that he had arrived at a small room constructed behind the attic wall.

My heart thumped against my chest as I pulled myself through. It was musty and filthy and ancient. Rain was pattering dismally on the eaves just above my head. A few inches ahead of me were Peter's shoes as she crawled along. Good that she was small. I was only as old as she, but I was having a snug squeeze. It occurred to me that Dave, twelve years old now, tall and strong, must have had a really hard time making it.

Soon we were all standing crowded together in the tiny cubbyhole. It was the most perfect of secret rooms. How strange that Johnny and I had never come across the passage. After all, it was in our house. I felt very ashamed.

Johnny had brought a flashlight, and its yellow finger disclosed the crude interior of the narrow room. The walls and sloping ceiling were of heavy, rough, mellowed planks. Dried grayish plaster oozed from the cracks. Dave broke off a piece carelessly, then fitted it back into its slot.

"Let's keep it a secret!" Johnny exclaimed suddenly. "Just keep it for us. Let's have a meeting room here. We c'n have a club!" The whispered intonation of this last word left no doubt in our minds that ours was to be a club of the most profound secrecy. We all wanted one, so it got under way immediately.

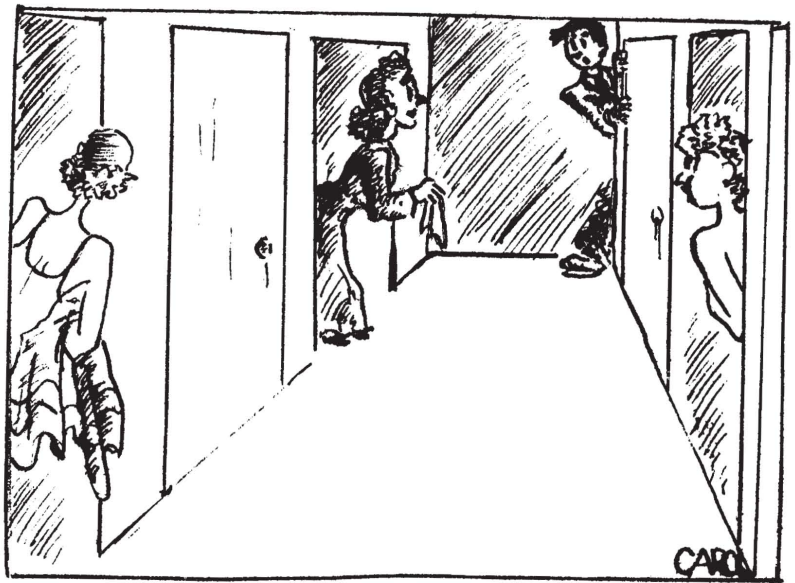
"We'll have a secret sign," Dave said excitedly. "Let's have it that everybody hasta take out this piece of plaster and put it back in the right place. And it's gotta always be the right piece. — This one, right here."

A small fear rose inside of me, for I was afraid that I would not remember the right piece.

"We c'n have a club for ever in here and nobuddy will ever find out," Johnny cried, dancing about as much as the limited space would permit.

## ON THE VERTICAL

By Carol Steiner



Have any of you girls seen my Soc. book???

"What about when Dave gets too big to get in the passage?" Peter asked. Dave shown the light toward her and she blinked her big eyes in the glare. Dave's voice and face fell.

"That's right," he said soberly. "And the rest of us too. Pretty soon we'll all be too big."

We forgot this great grief in a few minutes. There were more important matters at hand.

"If we have a club we gotta have nisheasun," Johnny insisted, and as Dave agreed with him, the rest of us thought it would be the proper thing too.

"Let's have the hot wax initiation," Dave said. I looked at him bug-eyed. "Hot wax!"

"It's nothin'," he shrugged. "It's easy. The fellers always do it."

He went out into the household to get the necessary equipment. The rest of us sat there on the floor, wondering what the "nisheasun" would be like.

"I read 'bout somethin' like this once," Johnny said. "The pirates useta boil people in wax once and—"

Cherry and I shuddered, and Peter said, "Oh, Dave wouldn't do that, of course —"

"I hope not," I ventured fearfully.

The dim light from the lantern revealed Peter's intense little figure, her feet drawn up under her, sitting near the entrance waiting for Dave to come back.

The nisheasun consisted of dropping liquid wax from a lighted candle into the palm of the hand, and leaving it there to harden, so that a shell-like replica of the palm resulted.

"Will it hurt?" Peter asked, as Dave lighted the tall blue candle.

"No. Maybe just hot for a second, but not really hurt." There was a very tender smile on Dave's face as he looked at Peter. She gave him her small paw trustingly and then bent her head to watch the azure wax drip and congeal on her hand. I can remember them now, standing close beside each other, with the flickering candle-light playing upon their faces, emphasizing their concentration upon the seriousness of their actions. Peter's black eyelashes made long shadows across her flushed cheeks. A wavy lock of blond hair fell across Dave's forehead. In the vibrating glow it was bright and golden.

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# Nobody Knew

By STANLEY L. FALK

I got to Ken's about eight o'clock. He wasn't outside waiting for me like he said he'd be so I decided to go on up. Just as I started to enter the elevator he came along. "Hi, Dave," he said. "C'mon upstairs. I want to shave." He grinned at me and rubbed his cheek. We got into the elevator and he started to take off his tie. "Do you think I can wear this shirt? I've had it on all day."

"Look's O.K. to me. You don't have to change." I was a little nervous, I guess, so I was in a bit of a hurry. "Let's make it snappy."

When we left the elevator he stepped over to his apartment and took the key from under the mat. He opened the door. "C'mon in, I'll be only a minute." We went into the bathroom, and while he shaved I sat on the toilet seat and went over my nails with a pocket file. "What's Ruth like?" I asked him. Ruth was to be my date for the night. Ken's girl, Helen, had gotten her for me.

"Oh, she's a good kid," he said.

"Yeah?" I laughed. "I hope so."

"Listen if Helen picked her for you, she's all right."

Ken and Helen were in love, so I'd expected him to say something like that. Still, I figured, Ruth couldn't be too bad. I really didn't care much though. I mean I hadn't gone out for quite a while and I just wanted to have a good time.

Ken and I got to Helen's house a little before nine and picked the girls up. Ruth was pretty good for a blind date. She was easy on the eyes and had a nice sense of humor. We'd seen all the local movies and nobody wanted to go bowling, so we grabbed a trolley and headed downtown. Helen and Ken sat in the back, while Ruth and I were towards the middle. We carried on the usual conversation that people do when they've just met.

"What part of New York do you live in, Dave?" she asked.

"Brooklyn," I said. "Know anybody there?"

"Just one or two friends—not many."

"Oh."

There was a pause. Then she asked me what I did for a living.

"I'm a salesman," I told her. "Shoes." I didn't want to say too much because Ken had told me her family was quite well off and I was a little self-conscious about how she'd take it. But it didn't seem to make any difference, and Ruth went on to explain that she was going to Columbia, studying to be an actress. Her father was a producer or something and she wanted to go on the stage. Like I said, I felt a little self-conscious about going out with a girl like that. I mean I'm used to taking out working girls and this was a little out of my line. But on the other hand, it was kind of a special treat. I'd always wanted to go to college myself, and the chance to talk to somebody with more than a high school education was like a turkey dinner in the middle of the week. I don't know how Ken got to meet girls with money, but then he was always lucky—much luckier than I ever was. He had a nice job with a bank, a college education, and now he was planning to marry a rich girl. Even back at school he'd been lucky. He used to make all his spending money playing poker,—made more than I did washing dishes, and I had to work for mine. Some people are just naturally luckier than others.

Ruth told me all about herself, and I tried to answer in kind. I had to lie a little though. Otherwise, in spite of the very nice way she acted—maybe because of it—I would have felt embarrassed. But anyhow, by the time we'd reached fiftieth street we were pretty good friends. We picked up Ken and Helen and got off of the trolley. There was a wait to get into the movies, but that always happens when you go in town on a Saturday night. It was worth it though, because the picture was pretty funny. Ruth snuggled up close and I felt good. She didn't seem to hold it against me any that I was a salesman, although she did draw the line at letting me kiss her.

When it came to the place in the movies where we came in we got up and left. The girls said they

were going to powder their noses, so Ken and I sat outside and waited for them. We lit cigarettes and started to talk. "You know," I said, "this is really turning out O.K. Ruth's a cute kid."

"Yeah," Ken grinned at me, "so I noticed back there in the dark."

I kind of smiled or something and let his remark pass. Anyway the girls came out then and we decided to go someplace Ken knew on eighty-eighth street for a drink. We got on a streetcar again, and this time Ken and Helen sat right behind Ruth and me. We were having a swell time kidding back and forth with each other. Helen was just telling a slightly off-color joke about a doctor, and I remember she was half way through the punch line when something made her stop. "Will you look at that!" she exclaimed.

Ruth and I, who had been looking back at the others, turned in our seats to see an old woman putting her nickel in the coin box in the front of the car. I suppose if it had been just any old woman that you see in the streetcar that late at night it wouldn't have mattered. But this—well, this was different. I don't know. It just wasn't any old woman.

She was poor. That in itself though didn't make any difference. I've seen poor people, lots of them worse off than her. It was just the way she was poor. It was a way that made me, and everybody else in the car, start. It was like getting hit between the eyes with a one-two punch, like sitting on the front steps on a sunny day, feeling good, and all of a sudden seeing a funeral pass.

I don't think I'll ever forget her, walking up that aisle with the people kind of edging away. She didn't wear a hat and her coat was awfully thin and worn and old—at least twenty years old, and with no color in it anymore. I remember one of the patches on it was yellow and it seemed to stand out from the rest of the coat. And another was half torn off and you could see her dress underneath. That looked like it was as bad off as the coat. Her legs were bare and down around the ankles they were very dirty, as if she hadn't washed them for a long time. She had coverings on her feet you couldn't call shoes, although I suppose they once were. Her hair also caught my attention. It wasn't long and it wasn't short and I don't think it had any kind of special set or anything to it. It just sort of hung there back over her neck as if she hadn't tried to comb it, like she'd just pushed it out of her eyes with her hand. It was white and then it wasn't. It seemed to have dark streaks in it. They could have been dirt, but I don't think they were. I don't know exactly how to describe it, but it sure hit me because I could hardly get my eyes away to look at her face. When I did it surprised me. It just wasn't the face you'd expect to find on an old woman. Instead—I don't know—it was kind of like a younger person who'd been through a tough time. I mean, as if she'd been beaten or whipped, but that's not exactly it. It seemed rough and leathery, and yet there was a softness in it. It was tired and lined, but, you know, even with all that I think she must have been beautiful once. Don't ask me why. I just think so. There was something there.

The woman could have sat down, but she didn't. There were plenty of empty seats around. She just stood there, facing the windows with her back to the rest of the passengers. I guess she knew that everyone was staring at her. I guess she must have felt the muttered comments and stifled laughs about her, even if she didn't hear them—and she must have heard some. I think she knew the kind of effect she made on all the well-dressed Saturday night good timers. You know, I guess she was ashamed.

People were acting queer. A woman in front of me giggled nervously as if she was looking at a snake or some other dangerous animal at the zoo and pulled her collar close around her neck. "I hope she doesn't look at me. I

won't be able to stand it." Then she startled me by saying, "I didn't think such a thing was possible."

That hit me, because people like that poor woman certainly weren't strange to me, and I just couldn't get what was going on.

Helen started to giggle and Ken, too, was grinning. I was glad to see that Ruth's face was serious and straight.

Across the aisle a well-dressed man was chewing on an unlit, half-smoked cigar. He squirmed in his seat as if he was embarrassed. "They shouldn't allow things like that on the streetcars," he muttered to his companion. "Yeah, it's bad," he answered.

This, too, made me start, because I'd always been taught to believe that in America everybody was as good as the next guy. It made a fellow wonder.

Behind me Helen was still giggling. "Ooh, I can't look at her."

Ruth looked at me. "I've never see anything like it." I guess she was a little excited because she grabbed my hand tight and held on. "I have," I answered.

"But not like this. I mean never as bad as this. This is one in a million. You don't find many of them like this."

"Yes you do."

"But this woman, why she must be insane." She almost seemed to babble. "Look at her. No sane woman, no matter how poor, would let her hair look like that. She must be insane."

"Ruth," I tried to explain, "do you think she's an exception? She isn't. I've seen hundreds like her, worse off than she is. I guess you can't understand something you've never seen before." I was speaking very fast, and hard.

Ruth looked at me a little queerly. I don't know exactly what kind of a look you'd call it. It was just a little different, maybe a little cold.

"It's good for you to see," I rushed on. "It's right that not only you and these people here, but that everyone knows. Because if people shut their eyes to this sort of thing then we'll never get anywhere."

"But, Dave," she said, "where are we trying to go? What's the terrific rush to get somewhere? I don't get it."

"Look," I interrupted, "take this poor woman here. She doesn't know where she's going. And I bet she doesn't even care. It's sort of hard to explain but I guess we've got to help her find out."

"Well, all right, suppose we help her. Suppose we do get somewhere, where we really want to go—wherever that is. Then what? People will just stop living because they've reached the end and won't know what else to do."

"Listen, Ruth," I said, "I'm not trying to sell you any of the Utopia bunk you read about. I guess that I'm just trying to say that things are going to have to be changed. After all, people like this old woman—"

"Dave," she stopped me.

"Yes?"

"Cut it out, will you?"

"Why?" I was a little mad I guess, and I didn't like being stopped once I got going.

"Look, Dave," said Ruth, "I just met you tonight, but I like you. I think you're a swell fellow and all that, but right now, why you're talking like a Communist. Please, stop it."

I shrugged my shoulders and shut up. I was a little hurt but then I knew I shouldn't have expected to go on like that. I didn't say too much the rest of the evening. I kept thinking about Ruth's question. Even after I'd gotten home and gone to bed I couldn't get it out of my mind. And when I woke up today it was still there. I kept wondering, "Just where are we going anyway?" You see it really hit me hard. I felt like I had to talk to people to see if maybe I could find out.

I guess that's why they arrested me this afternoon. They said I didn't have a license and that I was causing a disturbance. I wasn't really though. I was just trying to talk to people because I figured there must be somebody who could tell me.

They even said I was a little nuts, because, see, when they were dragging me into the patrol wagon, and all the way over here to the jail, I kept yelling Ruth's question. And you know, what makes me think they're right is that nobody knew the answer.

# Happiness—Or Pleasure

By PHILIP ISAACS

When asked what our ultimate goal is in life we will reply either "happiness" or "pleasure." Our lives may be said to consist of nothing more than a quest for one of these, whether they be attainable or not. Of the two, happiness seems to be the more abstract, yet the hope for this undefinable "something," which to me seems to be tangible only in retrospect, drives the more spiritualistic of us onward to the so-called higher things of life; thus one of the basic concepts of religious thought is that sacrifice today precludes happiness tomorrow. The materialist, on the other hand, lives for the sensual pleasures of life, whose enjoyment is purely current and short-lived. The word "sensual" is used here to denote such emotional experiences as arise from pleasant tastes, smells, feelings, and, in general, excitations of emotions not indigenous to the human race alone; not the common conception of lasciviousness.

Probably all humans can be classified in one of the two aforementioned groups. One may further differentiate between them by stating that a materialist is the type of person who lives in the present; he tends to separate such spiritualistic products as art, music, and literature into their single components and then queries; "What is this thing you call art? Here are lines of paint, a conglomeration of sound vibrations—what do they do? Words on paper—combinations of meaningless letters—how can they accomplish deeds?" The pure materialist sees love as simply a means for satisfaction of his passions; thus we may say that he lives for his own benefit, for his own pleasure; his by-word is the familiar "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

The spiritualist, however, lives in the past for the future; he therefore believes in happiness rather than pleasure. He tends to see creations, including the world, as an integrated product of all its components, which, if interperated correctly will ultimately lead to that far off citadel called happiness; thus the flaw here exists in the assumption that when happiness comes it will be recognized and

appreciated. Continuous pleasure does not necessarily entail what will later be referred to as happiness. When one feels "in a state of well being," as Webster puts it, one will usually find that whatever the duration of this emotion it will be followed by a similar period of the opposite. He lives in contrast to the materialist—for others; his by-word is the common saying "save for the rainy day."

Hence these two conflicting ideologies have joined forces to result in a world of present problems for future solution. One finds that strife is what makes the world; neither the ideal of the spiritualist, complete happiness, nor that of the materialist, constant pleasure, would suffice to make life interesting. Problems need to be analyzed into their component parts, yet life situations are best observed as undivided wholes. My conception of paradise on earth is a blend of the two—such as exists here and now.

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## Alumni Notes

By ARTINE ARTINIAN

Friends of Rodney Carlson will be happy to learn that the report of his missing in action was erroneous. A 1st Lt. pilot of a B-26, he is back home on furlough after intensive action over the North African and European theatres which earned him numerous decorations . . . 2nd Lt. Art Stevens, who is our source for the above information, has been re-assigned to the Bradley Army Air Field at Hartford, Conn., for final training as a fighter pilot before going overseas. . . .

1st Lt. Bill Zehring is in this country after two and a half years' service in the South Pacific. Attached to medical administration, he saw service in Panama, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, New Zealand, and Australia. His marriage to Lt. Mary-Hellen Kolody was reported in an earlier issue of the Bardian. Mrs. Zehring is now serving in an army hospital in Missouri. . . .

Dick Day has been promoted to regimental chaplain with the rank of Captain. "Somewhere in Germany" on Sept. 24, Dick has twice been decorated, winning the Silver Star in Tunisia, and the Bronze Star in Normandy. . . . Lt. Harry Montgomery of the Army Air Force is back home after completing fifty flying missions in the European theater. . . . Mike Ladd and Bito Hamilton are studying medicine under the army program at N. Y. University. . . .

Don Barrow has earned another promotion, so is now a Lt. Commander in the Navy. . . . Our indefatigable friend Rollin Marquis, still recuperating at an army hospital in Texas, has begun the compilation of functional word-lists in several languages, including French, German, and Dutch. . . . Phil Klein got his fill of the traditional learning process and is back at Bard to complete his education. . . .

Maj. Louis Stoller, our pre-Pearl Harbor college physician is reported to be in Germany. . . . On Oct. 24th, Lt. (j.g.) Jim Storer wrote as follows: "I am at present on the Admiralty Islands with the same Seabee outfit. My comforts are reaching an alarming peak, what with a very comfortable lounge for my office and other 'accoutrements' of civilization (I trust my French is accurate)." Parfait, mon lieutenant! . . . Arnold Davis has been elected chairman of the social committee for the Library School's class of '45 at Pratt Institute Brooklyn. . . .

That authentic Southern gentleman, Willie Wilson, awaiting developments at Camp Croft, S. C., wrote, "I have been trying to keep up with the progress of co-education at Bard from the letters of some of the students, but it seems the girls have dazzled them so much that they don't have time or ambition to write. I am sure, however, that co-education has introduced into the Bard community much color and gaiety." Right, Willie, and we hope you'll soon be back with us to see for yourself. . . .

Lt. (j.g.) Abbot Smith is awaiting reassignment in England after several months' service in France. While in the latter country he organized the first French fishing fleet to sail out since the occupation. . . . T/5 Tom Marshall of the Army Combat Engineers was seriously wounded in action in the European zone of operations. His numerous friends wish him speedy recovery. . . .

Seward Slagle, radio man on the oil tanker U.S.S. Victoria, still has New Guinea for his base of operations, and, according to well-founded reports, is getting fat on it. . . . A memorable recent highlight was a show by Bob Hope and his troupe. . . . Don Weston has been in the thick of things since D-Day, in France, Luxembourg, Belgium, and Holland. Here's hoping it will soon be . . . home.

Which reminds me of something I've wished to say for some time. Merely a reminder, rather, that your friends are always eager to have news of your whereabouts and activities just as you are in theirs. So if you believe this column is performing a useful function, one you would like continued, please support it to the extent of an occasional letter or post card. Tell us where you are and what you are doing, as well as relaying news of friends.

## Sports Slants

By MARTY WEISS

Bard's one and only varsity team at the present, the basketball squad, is ready and waiting for all comers. The team seems better than any turned out for the past couple of years. What this columnist would like to know, and a question the rest of the school is asking is, "Why no inter-collegiate athletics?" No satisfactory answer has yet been given although many arguments have been put forth.

True, we are a small college . . . and competition with any of the major colleges would not be advisable. However, there is no reason why a schedule could not be made up with other schools of our size!

To get a better view of the intramural situation I conducted a small poll among the students to try and locate the reasons for the poor attendance showing to date. The only reason which was voiced in number was "lack of interest". . . a mighty poor one because it is those people, however few or many, who may cause the entire program to flop.

However, due to the efforts of a few students and the Physical Education department, the intra-murals have been rolling along. In fact, to date, there has been a close race between the four teams in men's intra-murals. The fair sex has not yet caught up to the men, but it is hoped that they will be more successful in their's . . . which leaves them plenty of room for improvement.

In my opinion, the only way to better the situation now existing, is by having compulsory athletics. . . and I am not alone in my belief. Dr. Gray please note! Time and time again we have been told that this would be against the policies of progressive education. . . but I say that the development of a sound body is as necessary as the development of a sound mind, and if students will not come out voluntarily, they must be made to do so.

Looking over the statistics of anything dealing with sports one can find many remarkable discoveries. Even with the brand of touch football played at Bard amazing facts may be extracted from the records. The one I choose as most remarkable deals with the New Yorkers, who were tied for the lead at the end of the first round of touch football. This team, which had won

two games and lost once had *not* scored on the offense at all. The only touchdowns made were the results of interceptions.

Failing to gather much more data by myself I was forced to see the head of the Physical Education department. I found the carrot-topped coach seated at his desk, hopelessly lost in a muddle of papers. Since anything that was a change for the moment was welcome, Bill consented to see me. Among other things I learned that a basketball game with the Beta Club of Flushing, N. Y. has been scheduled for Saturday, December 9th, at Bard. Also, the athletic clubs of Red Hook, Rhinebeck, and Staatsburg, and some Poughkeepsie teams have been contacted. . . and a regular schedule worked out. As far as can be ascertained at the present time all games will be played at Bard.

Department of just overheard: At a recent basketball game one player said, "This game reminds me of the touch football game we played yesterday. . . only this is a bit rougher."

Department of local prognostication: Said department advises me that this would be a good time to predict the winners of the respective intra-murals before I am scooped by the N. Y. Times. No sooner said than done. . . In women's competition this writer picks South Hall if only because there were two choices and he had to make one. In the men's scramble, loyalty would lead me to pick my team, but since I am usually wrong I will pick the Packers in hopes. . . Seriously though, that team seems to have the best chance to come out on top of the heap.

How was your pocketbook affected by the Army-Navy game? Oh well! What's a little money anyhow?

This and that: The football season ended, basketball takes over now. . . . And as a start N.Y.U. pasted Mercenesburg to the tune of 103-28, to open the college season.

Just as we go to press the news reaches us of the death of Judge Landis, commissioner of baseball. This column, as well as sports pages all over the country, pays tribute to a great man.

ANSWER: HELL NO !!!



Reprinted from the December issue of Esquire.

"Going down?"

## Alone

By RALPH A. BALDA

*Always alone would it never be different? What was he seeking?*

The room was silent and as night flowed in his thoughts became darker and deeper, treacherous, and sad.

No one could ever perceive the despair he felt in the labyrinth of his soul. Deeper and darker grew the tributaries of his escape for he was groping madly for a hold upon something he wanted. Nothing seemed to be within reach, and as he searched the walls of his room for a shadow, a hope, an answer nothing but black silence met him.

But now all was light and dark, for he had seen both and could no longer distinguish. It was all one. Nothing new, nothing changed, everything always the same. To what avail his search in this room, in this world, in this life, for as he dug deeper into the thousand and one walls, lives, and worlds he saw he found nothing.

Yes, he did see a mother, a father, a girl, a school, an ideal, — a lie, a cheat, an egoist, a love, a death, and he saw them all and they meant nothing. Nothing mattered any longer — to eat, to sleep, to study, to love, to live, to talk. It was all a big joke now. Smiles, shrugs, wails, cries, and shouts — and then silence and nothing again.

To kill himself — what for? That was a joke too. Death a big three ring circus — that show would always go on. What then? Perhaps freedom, but where?

Certainly not at school, not at home, not in society, not in the world. Maybe within himself. Away from all — deeper and further till he could no longer feel the grasp of man upon him. No more hate, despair, jealousy, pain, grief, love, happiness — people — death. No more, just freedom. Just himself moving, feeling nothing, knowing nothing, just being nothing.

Was that a joke too? Maybe he was funny while everyone else was serious. Maybe he didn't realize what there was worth having in life. What he could have if only he tried. He could have a job, a wife, children, a home, a car — a love, an objective. He could have everything, but to him that was still nothing — still a big joke.

For he was not living just today or tomorrow, but he was living through centuries, and each time he died he laughed louder and louder. All man was seen in one sweep. All endeavors in one glance. All life was in his eyes and he knew that ultimately it was nothing.

Was he seeing something he should not have? Was he wrong, everybody else right? Always to be alone, seeing nothing?

Weren't a career, a war, a drink, a good time, a symphony, a poem, an orgasm, a woman, a sigh, a glimpse, and a word something? Weren't the wind, the stars, the sun, the moon, a ride, a sight, a breath, a life something?

Having seen and lived them once, twice, always — weren't they worth experiencing again? Weren't they worth all despair, grief, and pain? Weren't they what was infinite, unchangeable, and forever?

But wasn't he seeing forever as being nothing? How many times could he have all these things and still have them gone again? How many times could he look and feel and then never see again? How many times had he wanted — and won — had and lost — but it was always gone again.

It was always a process of going — never stopping. Everything had come and gone and it had been that way forever. Could he stop it? Could he hold something within his heart, his soul, and his hand and keep it? Would it always be there, could he find anything that was there today, tomorrow?

No he could not. He was going, travelling, and moving still all at the same time. A thousand looks, a thousand feelings, a thousand lives could never satisfy him. He wanted it forever. He was selfish.

Soon, maybe, or later would never do. He wanted it now. He wanted it bleeding in his hands. He wanted it crying within his body. He wanted it begging and pleading with him to keep it forever. Yes he wanted not one life, but all lives. Not one feeling, but all feelings. Not one love, but all loves. And yes he wanted it forever — otherwise it was nothing.

## Obtuseness

By CAROL WAGNER

My heart can only see beauty,  
My heart can only see light,  
But my heart sees only what's futile  
My heart will not look at what's right.

It should see only blood and sorrow,  
Which make up the world of today,  
It should only see night ever falling  
And death which strikes all day.

But my heart sees only blue skies  
My heart sees only spring;  
My mind can continue its fretting,  
But my heart must have its fling.

Our country is still at war!  
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## Is Something Missing?

By JULES SCHWARTZ

Many students who were here in previous terms are today noticing that there is something missing in most classes this semester. They remember when the instruction was more informal. They looked on the professors as their close friends. That is, the professor had faith in his students — and showed it. Thus, an intimate professor-student relationship was developed.

But what has happened this term? This relationship is no longer what it might be. The barrier of formality has sprung up between students and professors.

Whose fault is it? What is to be done? The fault undoubtedly lies with both the student and teacher. It is true that classes are obviously larger than they were last term, yet this still provides no reason for so great a change. I think that one specific example of this is the matter of tests. In large classes it may be necessary to have frequent tests, but in the smaller, and therefore supposedly more informal ones, there is, or should be, no apparent need. The student at times is tempted to feel a lack of faith on the part of the instructor, regardless of the motives of the latter in giving the test.

This situation can only be corrected with the cooperation of both students and faculty. Students, in the first place, should naturally do their work well enough so that the professor will not feel the need for a test. And the instructor, in turn, should only give examinations when he feels their absolute necessity. Finally, if a test is given, it should be for the students' benefit, and if possible, corrected in class. Many students need practice in expressing their knowledge orally. The importance of this has been repeatedly emphasized. In small classes especially, students should not be deprived by numerous tests of as much individual attention as possible.

As I said above, this is just one example of the present situation. On the whole, though, this may be alleviated by a strong cooperation and understanding between students and professors. For it is only in this manner that both students and professors will feel a firm incentive to work and therefore enjoy the full benefits of progressive education.

### CONTEST!!!

Here's a chance to do something BIG! BARD needs a school song and it's about time somebody wrote one! Submit your entries to the BARDIAN before noon of January 10, and the winning song, chosen by a board of faculty and student judges, will be printed in our next issue. So start pushing those pencils!

### The Blue Light

(Continued from Page 3, column 2) head down, his dog sniffing busily. The paper-stand on Fifty-third street was dark. . . loneliness engulfed Larry and he leaned wearily against a store. In the light of a street lamp, gold and hollow, he saw a wax dummy in the window, her life-like figure draped in a clinging dress, her blank eyes staring through a fringe of horsehair.

A delivery wagon went by, the horse's hooves clumping loudly on the pavement. . . he heard the driver's voice singing an Irish ditty to himself. . . a subway rushed beneath the grill at the curb, its echo humming in Larry's ear. He turned and walked quickly east.

**ANNANDALE  
HOTEL**

## A Life Once known

By LOUIS FUSSCAS

*And so he was buried. His life had ended, and like the countless millions before him he was lowered, gently and solemnly into his own little and tenebrous corner of the vast and enduring earth. Amid the air of an ecclesiastical drone, and of tears, grief, sorrow and distress, they lowered the richly carved and polished pine into the murky earth — he had come to take his place among those who had gone before him.*

He lies there among his silent and unknown friends. The strife is over and now peace; an everlasting, secured and silent peace. But he who once stalked upon a thousand streets seeking to satisfy a thousand wants is forever stilled; he is locked within wooden walls, barred from the sound and vision of a million living things. This lifeless soul, this colorless and sterile body; the body that wanted peace, the body that forever sought peace, the body that finally found peace, is enclosed within a container where only he alone may bear witness to his own ghastly and decadent mass; where only he alone may sweeter under the stench of his rotten and wormy body.

He who once lived among the living; shared the food, the drink, the warmth of a room, a bed, the warmth of love and the body; he who once mused upon mossy rocks and roaring beaches, climbed the lofty mountains, plodded through the canorous meadows, walked the lonely roads, crossed the steeled bridges; he who once gave voice to the hush of the night, sought and cried the many names; he who once thought of time, wasted and cried for time; he who once thought of thoughts — spoke, read, wrote and dreamt, is forever stilled, the curtain of death had barred this actor from his audience, he is lost in the realm of a dark and forgotten world. He no longer can add his bit to the fury of a million other lives, for he lies there, peacefully, in a strange and sempiternal sleep.

The beautiful months of Spring will come, the arable earth will be green again, the birds will come, the rich-smelling flowers will come — but he is gone. He will not be there to see the radiant sun emerging from behind the crust of the earth to open a new day with dazzling pomp, nor will he be there to see the tired and leaven sun sink beyond the great horizon to another world. He will be free from the heat and rain of the summer days, for he is dead, lost in eternal sleep. He no longer will be there to watch the fall of the crimson leaves. He will remain cold and indifferent to the play of the October winds. He no longer will share the fruits of the rich and productive earth. He will lie there amid the web of crystal ice. He will be asleep under a blanket of white and virgin snow.

He lies there among others, yet he is alone; alone among the quiet, the stilled and fallen bodies. . . And the earth had feasted upon his once massive and solid body, it had fused and added to the richness of the

fertile soil. And for a moment, soft spoken words will read of his brief and unrevealing history, knowing that some day, at some dark and unwanted hour, they too will come to this inevitable, this fated and everlasting end. And that to rest, forever and ever, within the maw of the earth where only the hideous and the crawling rule.

## Twilight In November

By ELLEN R. ZUCKER

Oh grim and bleak November twilight —  
You give no light nor hope to any heart.  
A neighbor's lamp alone shines bright  
Like some sweet joy goes with the past.

— It too, is dim, and far away.

The snow falls silently, relentlessly—  
Each flak dissolved into the eager earth.

As every soul must ultimately melt  
And fall, absorbed by all eternity.

— Tho' great, must yield unto the infinite.

The conquering gloom invades the cold grey sky,  
Till e'en the blackest tree cannot be seen.

Now from some rooftop fall the silent drops  
The tears of life—gentle, yet so cruelly wrought.

— And empty, empty, is the night.

## Pastoral

By H. S. THAYER

Again the absence of the lark

Is felt within the bright harvests of fallen leaves  
Carrying something of the sunset into clay;  
Delicately descend these autumn scrapers of the wind.

And where the wind rinsed with remembered stars  
Is brushed to froth among the silken and cricketed  
Strings of moonlight hung  
Splashing the old apple orchard to silver;

Inflamed with splendor

The absence of the lark is heard.

The sun dips into flames that bleed the rose  
And pity meets the moth with tears that burn  
As deeply as the dream of lips, to seal

With the kiss of fire, their thin fate of empty smoke  
Melting on the first whisper of the dawn.

The absence of the lark is remembered  
With the lark's return.

## Shadows

By PATRICIA WIGHT

Have e're you heard  
As midnight shadows fade  
Before the blush of dawn,  
Eerie echoes escaping  
From twisted tangled nests  
Among the leaves  
Which stem from monster  
Trees of inhibition?

Have e're you heard  
The wretched walls  
Of those who are  
And know not why;  
Those sobbing sounds  
From fissures festering  
Within the scheme of Life?

And what is Life?

A morbidity of speculation —  
Founded on superstition —  
Never surrendering  
The monsters of inhibition —

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